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THE LAND OF NOD.

Far away in the land of Nod,
Where only in dreams man's foot has trod,
Dwells the slumber king on his shadow throne,
Where he patiently sits till day is done.
When he rises and puts his thinking cap on,
Now as he thinks he doth often smile,
And he busily nods his head the while:
Then the elves of sleep, as he sees them come
Quietly bow to him, one by one,
Then fly to the homes of earth, 'tis said,
Where they place a nod on each one's head,
Till the eyes can no longer keep open wide;
The head, with the weight, turns from side to side,
And little by little doth on them creep
The wonderous blessing of quiet sleep.

But ere the grown folks find repose,
The king's son, Jack Nod, on his tiptoes,
First comes to the children, the cunning elf,
And he brings the song man as well as himself.

Then the poor, wee people rub, rub their eyes,
Until gentle sleep takes them by surprise,
And they never can tell of what they think
Just the minute before their last blinky wink.

Sometimes in the day time, so I am told,
This cunning Jack Nod, so cunning and bold
Throws dust in folks' eyes, the saucy chap,
Which makes them take what is called a nap.

AFTER ALL.

Oh, the old friends are the truest,
After all—after all!
Though the face be not the newest,
After all—after all!
When the fever heat is highest,
Or the chilling tide is highest,
Over all there comes a reaching
Of a friendship whose sweet teaching
Gives us joy, and peace, and rest,
For the weary soul the best,
After all—after all!

What are all the stings of malice,
After all—after all!
There are joys deep in Life's chalice,
After all—after all!
Should the shadows then pursue us,
And the sunbeams ne'er come o'er us,
As our feet pass by the daisies
Shall our souls ne'er count His praises?
Heaven shows us perfect rest,
There our weary souls are blest.
After all—after all!

Dropping Into Poetry.

THE EXCHANGE EDITOR DOES IT NATURALLY.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says that they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes the Eagle every day.

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopelessness that appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me——"

"Help her! though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

"How softly sweet the Autumn air
The dying woodland fills
And Nature turns from restful care—"

"To anti-bilious pills," added the exchange editor with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes, and it's so. You take anybody now. Half the people you meet are——"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse is like this:"

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad:
While from the valley comes the roar—"

"Of the matchless liver-pad! roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the right idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse, and my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. O yes! were you to keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:"

"How sadly droops the dying day
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning twilight seems to say—"

"The old man's drunk again, wouldn't do would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now just suppose we say, "Why did I spout my ben?"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? Indeed its new. Ben is the Presbyterian name for overcoat, and spout means to hock. Why did I spout my ben? means: Why did I shove my topper? That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. O don't be afraid, that's just immense!"

"Well I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl with a smile that pinned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. This is the fourth verse:'

"The merry milkmaid's sombre song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—"

"With holes in both her socks, by Jove!" cried the delighted exchange editor. "You see——"

"O, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to four she's got 'em, and you get fidelity to fact with wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence with a veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

"As silently she trips along
In Autumn's yellow tracks."

Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in the Brooklyn Eagle it don't. Besides when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks,' you give the impression of some fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks' on the other hand, rhymes with the 'rocks' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you're right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:"

"And close behind the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes,
And slips beside the maiden coy—"

"And splits his pantaloons! Done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste. But it is with the saddest heart that the snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "nasty brute," and went from him forever.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Remarkable Sermon.

Following is part of a sermon preached by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the subject of the love of God for fallen humanity. The discourse provoked much discussion, and differs materially from what is considered good orthodoxy:

"I have denounced with indignation the Calvinistic doctrines of decrees. The presentation is outrageous of the character of a being who for his own glory created a large part of the human race for damnation, and another large part for blessing, and without any regard to the future of the damnable or the savable. The most atrocious slander of the human race is set forth in the Saybrook and Westminster platforms, and the Pan-Presbyterian Council, after discussion, determined that the old was good enough, or that the time had not come for any change. Every man who enters the Presbyterian ministry says that he will preach these doctrines of a hideous God as set forth in the shorter or longer catechisms. There is no treason to humanity so utter, no ground so dangerous for a young man to put his feet upon; for to swear that he will be true to the articles of faith in the Presbyterian and New England Congregational churches, he can't do. He might as well swear that he will be 150 feet high every time he goes into the pulpit. They all dodge it, or if there is one who doesn't he is a long, lean, lightning rod sort of a man, who lives in his pulpit and has nothing to do with common folks, and they have not much to do with him.

The human family is to be judged by value in the world. The larger part might be swept away. You might kill a hundred thousand men in some parts of the world and a hundred thousand squirrels in Oregon, and there would be no difference, except that the skins of the latter are worth something. One-half of the men live in such a low condition that if they perished they would not be missed. I can't pretend that the end comes when the race dies. A man like Christ would be the strongest sort of a man known in our day. There is nothing so wanting as love. But men say if you want to be saved, come leap into the ark with all your old clothes on, and go right along. Their idea of heaven is that it is like a Yankee garret, full of all sorts of old rubbish. If we judge by what we see of the kind of material, though good enough to make a church here, and heirs of salvation hereafter, the question must not be: "Do you want to be saved?" but "Do you want to be savable?" The general spirit of the church is: "Do you belong to us?" "Yes." "Bless you." "Do you belong to us?" "No." "Damn you." When the church is aglow with the power of love, and an electric influence goes from one to another, infidelity will be scorched and die, or rather it will throw away its weapons to embrace the church.

The Pleasures of Business.

No human mind is contented without occupation. No human soul is satisfied without an aim or purpose in life. The greatest success in life consists not in the mere accumulation of riches, but in being able to acquire wealth with a disposition to apply it in such a manner that it shall be a blessing and comfort to others—not in the mere giving away of money, but in putting people in a way to labor and help themselves. There is no pleasure in oppression. There is no joy in grinding and exacting gold from the poor; but there is a great deal of genuine satisfaction in being able to offer steady and honorable employment to the many willing hands that have nothing to do. One of the greatest enjoyments of the prosperous business man consists in being able to comfortably provide for the many employes in his house or manufactory. In doing this he is fulfilling his obligations to society; he becomes a useful and honored citizen; business to him is a real pleasure; he enjoys his successes, when they are fairly won, because he feels that he deserves them.

When a business man has the right kind of a purpose in life he enjoys his occupation, he feels a just and worthy pride in his prosperity, he is pleased with the respect and gratitude of those whom he directs and controls in the management of his affairs, and he feels that in benefitting himself he is conferring a favor upon others —*Criterian.*

A PLEASANT MANNER.—It is a pleasure to oblige really agreeable people. Some unhappy men are so organized that it is only with difficulty they can even force the appearance of politeness. Without intending it, their manner is repellant, and if they have a fare share of combativeness, antagonistic to such an extent as to make their society unsought and disagreeable. They receive favors ungraciously, and grant them in such a manner as makes the recipient regret having asked them. But the naturally agreeable person both accepts and confers a favor in a manner delightful to witness.

The Old Blue Chest.

One day recently five or six women with serious faces were gathered in a room in a house on Front street east. For two years a poor old woman had lived there, not exactly a beggar nor an object of charity, but certainly in want. She had a husband when she first moved there—a poor old man whose days could not be long; but one day he was missing. He may have fallen into the river, or he may have wandered out into the country and died. This left the old woman alone, and there were days and days in which no one went near her or addressed her. When she felt the chill of death approaching, she wanted some one with her. She had lived alone, but she could not die that way. She wept when tender hands clasped hers and kind voices addressed her. Death had already placed its mark on her face, and the women could do nothing. While their tears fell upon her wrinkled hands she passed away as a child sleeps.

There was but little in the room beyond an old blue chest—battered and bruised and splintered, but yet holding together. It had seen strange times, that old blue chest. It had held silks and broadcloths perhaps—it had surely held rags. It had been moved from house to house and from town to town. It had listened to laughter, and had heard sobs and moans. It grew old no faster than the old woman whose hands had so often lifted its lid. It had doubtless kept the company of good carpets and furniture and crockery, and laughing romping children had climbed over it or hidden in it. It had faded, and its hinges were rusty and weak, but it had outlived its owner.

The women looked about for garments in which to enshroud the dead. Nothing was in sight. One of them lifted the lid of the old blue chest, and called the other to help her drag it from the corner. It held treasure—such treasure as men could not buy nor poverty steal away. There was a dress of fine material, cut after a fashion of long ago. For twenty years the chest had been its guardian. It would have sold for a few dollars, but though the gnawings of hunger had come often and the cold had fought its way to her marrow, that poor old woman could not part with that relic of better days. It may have been a link to connect her with love and wealth. Beneath it was a relic still more priceless. Carefully wraped in a piece of paper was a silver dime more than fifty years old. A child, dead in its young years, had worn that dime around its neck as a gift or talisman. There was a child's mitten, stained and worn, but a mitten knit by a proud young mother for her child. It could not speak to tell the dim past, but it had power. As the women saw it they covered their faces with their aprons and wept.

There was a boy's cap and a girl's hat, both so faded and time-eaten that they had to be tenderly handled. The women looked from them to the poor old white face on the bed and whispered:

"None but a good mother would have treasured these relics. She was old and poor, but her heart was pure."

Deeper down as if to baffle the search of time itself, was a familiar toy—a child's dumb watch. Hands were broken and gone, face scratched and case battered, but the woman handled it as if a touch would shatter it. There was a doll's head, a boy's fish-line, some toy chairs, a yarn ball, and other things to show that in the long ago that dead woman had felt the kisses of children, heard their "good-night," and thanked God that she was blessed. Each relic was wept over—each was replaced with fresh tear-stains. They asked the old blue chest no questions. Its relics might have been voiceless to a man, but to a woman and mother each one had a tale in words as plain as print. They shed more tears as they again bent over the poor old dead, and they said to each other:

"If she had only told us, how we would have loved her and sought to lighten her sorrows."

But she had gone as she had come, a mystery, and but for the old blue chest in the corner few would have cared, and none would have sorrowed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Why the Needle Points North.

A San Francisco gentleman wrote to the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, Prof. C. T. Patterson, asking the reason why the magnetic needle points to the north. In reply Prof. Patterson wrote as follows, and possibly many more than the original inquirer may be glad to read his simple statement of the fact in case:

The reason that the needle points in a northerly direction is that the earth in itself is a magnet, attracting the magnetic needle as the ordinary magnets do; and the earth is a magnet as the result of certain cosmical facts, much affected by the action of the sun. These laws have their perodicities, all of which have not as yet been determined.

The inherent and ultimate reason of the existence of any fact in nature, as gravity, light, heat etc., is not known further than it is in harmony with all facts in nature. Even an earthquake is in perfect harmony with, and the direct resultant of, the action of forces acting under general laws.

A condensed explanation in regard to the needle pointing to the northward and southward is as follows: The magnetic poles do not coincide with the geographical poles The axis of rotation makes an angle of about 23 degrees with a line joining the former.

The northern magnetic pole is at present near the Arctic circle on the meridia of Omaha. Hence the needle does not always point to the astronomical north, and is constantly variable within certain limits. At San Francisco it points about 17 degrees to the east of north, and at Calais, Maine, as much to the west.

At the northern magnetic pole a balanced needle points with its north end downward in a plumb line; at San Francisco it dips about 63 degrees, and at the southern magnetic pole the south end points directly down.

The action of the earth upon a magnetic needle at its surface is of about the same force as that of a hard steel magnet, 40 inches long, strongly magnetized, at a distance of one foot.

The foregoing is the accepted explanation of the fact that the needle points to the northward and southward. Of course no ultimate reason can be given for this, natural fact any more than for any other observed fact in nature.

Work in a Great Kitchen.

No; it was not hushed, for there was a simmering and sizzling and subdued sound of frying, like the attunement of an orchestra. They were notes of preparation. Occasionally a lad would dump a scuttle of coke on the floor, and a white-capped man would run a tongs over a gridiron and make a metallic sound, like a boy with a stick on a paling. All the time however, as a bass, there was the rustle of steam, as it pulsated and throbbed through the copper-tanks. There were a hundred odors in the air. Here was the faint smell of parsley, of thyme, whiffs of cloves, fragrance of mace, savors of onions, slight reeks of garlic, with acidities of lemons, all tempered, blended, and commingled into one general savory whole. It was as a Flemish picture of abundance, when one got sight of the provender, for an ice receptacle is opened for an inquisitive woman. Here lay blonde chickens, with legs of snow-white veal, and ruddy tenderloins and marble roasting-pieces, and whole sides of mutton, all garnished with their lace work of fat. In this one there is fish; and green, blue-fish, and redsnapper, with vermiculated makerel, and cardinal-colored lobsters,—for they are boiled—with lordly striped bass, complete the ichthyological tableau. And here is the bread batch—all apart in another room—far piled up to the ceiling stand on layers the brown-crusted loaves and the white crisp rolls Then there is fragrance again; for the inquisitive woman is led by her nose to where the pastry cooks—there are six of them—are compounding their cakes. Could a whole generation of pie-eaters ever get through these innumerable-rounds of pumpkin, apple, mince, and custard pies? There is a great seething and tumultuousness about that huge iron drum, and the steam bursts forth now and then as if from Hecla. But it is not mud which comes to the surface. There tumbles up in the most jolly and inviting way, done up in a linen cloth, vast quantities of dumplings! How they bob up and down in the scalding fluid! How much indigestion is there? I repress the thought, amazed at the man who patiently turns the handle of something which looks like a churn. "What might that be?" I asked. "Hard sauce," is the reply. "Fifty pounds of the best fresh butter, about the same of sugar, and a pound of nutmegs, with four quarts of lemon juice; it takes three hours' hard working; the boss do say he is going to run her by machinery, and I wish he would," and the hard sauce compounder wipes his forehead. Just beyond, at a separate table, a Frenchman was making eclairs. The crust had been already turned out, and from a huge bowl, with a brush, he was giving his eclairs a glaze of chocolate. To the main kitchen the visitor returned, attracted by a new odor. Here was the roasting going on. Six, eight, ten separate ribs of beef were slowly turning, with five haunches of mutton, but mutton and beef were not commingled; they were ten feet apart. "Never would do, ma'am," said the roaster; "them two things—beef and mutton—has to be kept apart—the hodors of one is agin the other. And taking a winch from a nail, he wound up a jack which was four feet high. Then, the whole machinery, which had been going round in a slow, majestic way quickened its pace. "It's the touchoff at the end that does the business." Then this really great roaster took a basting-spoon that would hold a quart, and slowly trickled the gravy over the revolving beef.

"Billy, show madam the fish-bilers." Billy took off a cover neatly balanced by a chain pulley and weight, and showed in a huge copper kettle, divided into various compartments, the salmon and striped bass which were boiling. Steam pipes gave the necessary heat. During the short interval the visitor had spent in examining the other portions of the kitchen, the scene in this particular locality had changed. Now there was a row of voices, a din of feet, and great odors of cooking meat. Beefsteaks were spluttering; flares of fire from gushing fat wuffed up along a vista of broilers; waiters came rushing in with bowls; plates clattered, and spoons were beaten, tattoo-like, on the china. People were so busy roasting, broiling, stewing, that it was no time to ask questions. Where was this? Where was it all happening? Why, in the largest luncheon and dinner restaurant in the great metropolis of New York.—*New York Times.*

Children at School.

Dr. Jacobi has made this a special study from the standpoint of physiology. His conclusion is that, as a rule, a child should not be sent to school before he is eight years old. Not till this age is the brain substance developed. An infant's brain is soft. It contains a large percentage of water. It is deficient in fat and phosphorous, on which, to a large extent, intellectual activity depends. The convolutions are fewer.

The different parts of the brain do not grow in size and weight alike—the normal portions not being reached before the age of ten years. So, too, the proportion of the chest to the lower portions of the body is not attained until the 8th year, while that part of the back (the lumbar) on which the sitting posture depends is even then only moderately developed.

About the 5th and 6th years the base of the brain grows rapidly, the frontal bones extend forward and upward, and the anterior portion grows considerably. Still the white substance—the grey is the basis of the intelligence—and the large ganglia predominate. It is not till about the 8th year that the due proportion of parts is reached, and a certain consolidation, both of the brain and the organs of the body generally. Before this period memory alone can be safely trained. Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten system, reached the same result, by observation. Meanwhile, Dr. Jacobi recommends that the children be entertained and gradually developed in the kindergarten. "Here," he says, "their activity is regulated, their attention exercised, and their muscles invigorated. Both imagination and memory are taxed to a slight degree only.

"With increasing years, the grey substance becoming more and more developed, their thinking powers are gradually evolved. The secret of a thorough education lies in the uniform development of all powers. To develop one at the expense of another is to cripple all."—*Youth's Companion.*

SOUTHERN GRANGERS.

BY LE DUKE

To show the base uses to which respectable names and titles can be applied, I desire to call your attention to some of the practices of *Southern* Grangers. As I understand the object of the society of Grangers, it is the protection of farmers against unjust railroad freight charges and the enchroachments of stock-jobbers in grain—in fact, it is a society formed for the purpose of seeing to it that the labor, so essential in this country by reason of its indispensability, is properly compensated. These are the objects of the Northern Grangers. But the Southern Grangers seem to have objects far different in view. The organization, known as the Grangers, which has grown to alarming proportions at the South, seems to have and *really* has for its object the pauperization of the colored farmers, the filching of all their hard-earned money, and the propagation of a vicious sentiment which tends to reduce the colored people in the estimation of the whites at the South. And so artful are the designing *scoundrels* (that's the term) that even the judges of courts and ministers of the Gospel have been induced to join in the wholesale fraud. This organization, or at least the one operating in Tennessee, (and it is fair to presume that those in States farther South are still worse) has made a history, for knavery and dishonor, which should so shock the respectable Grangers at the North as to cause them to give a new name to their organization. The *modus operandi* of the Tennessee Grangers is something like this: A colored farm-hand or small farmer is hired by one of the Grangers to cultivate said Granger's farm, say of 75 acres. The laborer is furnished with the stock and utensils necessary, together with a sufficient quantity of provisions to run him from seed-time to harvest, *provided* said laborer will agree to give said Granger two-thirds of the entire yield. In the case of the small farmer, who has the necessary utensils and stock, it is agreed to give him three-fifths of the entire crop. And should he need provisions, they will be charged against his share of the crop on settlement. The colored laborer or farm-hand sets about the performance of his part of the contract right earnestly. In the meantime the Granger in his turn sets about devising ways in which to cheat the laborer of his hire. The laborer is supplied with provisions, but he is informed by the Granger that he, the Granger, is forced to pay fifteen per cent. in advance of the usual cost, on account of the great length of time between purchase and settlement. In addition to this the colored laborer is informed that the Granger *ought* to have some little *consideration* for his zealous friendship in securing the above provisions at such a reasonable advance—*only* 15 per cent. The consideration he claims for this, is all the way from 15 to 25 per cent., which will amount to an advance of between 30 and 40 per cent. on provisions. Besides this, the Granger does all the figuring. He keeps the books and superintends the disposition of the crop. The crop must be sent to St. Louis or New Orleans for sale.

This is done through a commission merchant who charges for his commission, about 10 per cent. and puts a tariff on that of 10 per cent. more, for the Granger, and in his bill and remittance such deductions are duly recorded. The extra "tariff" which the merchant charges is kept subject to the draft of the Granger and the regular 10 per cent. commission charge must be shared by Granger and colored man equally. Thus Granger pockets the little difference. Upon settlement Granger opens his books, runs over the articles claimed to have been furnished, does all the adding and subtracting and after a vigorous and eloquent speech on the infallibility of figures, presents laborer with a statement. And the statement is a faithful verification of the old doctrine, "naught's a naught, figure's a figure, all for the white man and none for the nigger;" for it turns out almost invariably that Granger is still creditor. And thus the colored man is cheated. He leaves the last place to try his luck with another farmer, but it turns out that the farmers are generally Grangers and that the treatment is uniform.

The colored man is charged with everything and credited with nothing. If a pig dies or the wind blows a barn down and kills a sheep, the colored man must pay for it, and if he dare question the farmers of the charge he is ordered off the farm, and the Justice of the Peace says that he has violated the contract and cannot have his share of the crop.

What con be done to change this high-handed robbery? Would it not well for us to leave the place and let the Grangers set about cheating themselves, just to see how it works? Let us go West!

MAINTAIN POLITICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

BY ARGUS.

If there ever was a time when the mighty power of organization was shown to excellent advantage, it was just prior to the recent elections. It is found to be the secret of political success, as the results in Massachusetts and New York, clearly show. And the propriety of thorough organization is none the less apparent now, that Massachusetts and New York were virtually carried. The contest, which waged in the above States was bitter and persistent. The rostrum and the pulpit were utilized by the contending parties and the jingle of "filthy lucre" was heard far above the clash of oratory and harangue. The old political-war horses were caparisoned in their most attractive adornments and things bore fiercely on. All this was the result of organization. The wisdom of the party was in council and the lieutenants were ever in the field bearing the orders and encouraging the forces. If organization was necessary then, how much more is it necessary now? Then the State was menaced. The Goths and Vandals were attacking the bulwarks of liberty which make the State the peaceful abode of law abiding men. Now, the same hungry horde are designing against the Nation, plotting its destruction and vigorously attacking every bulwark of liberty which has been raised in defense of the rights of the colored man.

The long-eared democracy still keeps its forces on the outer wall, and unless the occupants of the Citadel are vigilant it will; by seduction or force, gain entrance and despoil this country of its honor, its peace and its prosperity. It is imperatively essential that the party be kept under the most thorough organization. The colored men should see to it that, in so far as they can contribute to excellent organization, they should leave no stone unturned. Let them enter vigorously into all primaries and counsels. Let them speak in favor of it, act in favor of it and contribute their mites in order that it shall be supported. Let the colored papers harp on it until every vestige of lethargy is removed from the colored voter and every man stands ready to do yeoman service in the cause of republicanism.

They have a peculiar law in Tennessee which provides that no drinking-saloon shall be licensed to occupy any point (except in cities and towns) within four miles of an incorporated, institution of learning. This law is an incentive to temperance people to build school-houses and have them incorporated but it makes liquor-dealers hostile to the extension of the school system, and they have a habit of causing them to be burned down.

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SPECIAL.

We have moved from 609 Louisiana Avenue to Rooms 45 and 46, 3d Floor St. Building, Cor. of F and 9th Sts., N. W.

Those desiring the editor on business can find him in Room 45 from 12.10 to 12.25 and any afternoon, from 4 to half-past 5.

THE RENTING PROBLEM.

If there is one thing decided with respect to Washington, it is that as a place of residence, it is becoming more and more desirable. Why this is so it is not especially pertinent to inquire.—The fact remains.

The activity of the real estate market and the steady rise of values, especially in the northwestern section, are apparent to the most casual observer. Where a few years ago there were unsightly commons, gullies and mud holes, there are now finely paved streets, cosy homes for the-thrifty and industrious workingman, and stately palaces and edifices for the gentlemen of wealth, leisure and refinement.

There is one incident of this improvement which has been repeatedly called to our attention.

There seems to be a mutual understanding among the capitalists and real estate dealers who have been conspicuous in contributing to this development of our city, that the colored man, no matter how respectable, how intelligent, or how thrifty, is not to enjoy in common with other citizens the right to live in as good a style as his means will allow him. If a house becomes vacant, if it have modern improvements, if it be in a decent neighborhood, the word is invariably given that no colored tenant shall occupy it. If colored men themselves engage in building residences of the character above referred to, they are requested, urged, and entreated not to rent them to their own color.

It is thus seen that it is more difficult for a colored family to rent a house of the better grade, except in what is known as Negro quarters, "for love or money," than it is to enjoy the common civilities of an American citizen on a Georgia railroad, at a Mississippi election, or in the U. S. supreme court.

Still, we must exist; we must live. "The old home is not what it used to be" for many of us whose ideas of life are quite advanced, whose families have become more refined, whose tastes have been cultivated to such a degree that they are as much ill at ease in the dilapidated structures of a half century past, as the successful and intelligent white man would be in the boarding house or one room in which he began life.

There is not only a disposition, but a determination on the part of the whites to limit the development of the colored people, and to make them "keep their place" where emancipation found them. If this spirit succeeds; if we continue to live only on certain streets, and those the plainest; if we are exclusively confined to certain occupations, and those menial and unremunerative; if we live only in a certain class of houses, and those the cheapest and poorest, it will not be necessary for color to identify us as a separate and inferior class.

Not all the legislation that could be enacted can confer upon us civil rights, complete and identical, if we yield willing submission to the habiliments caste has designed for us—exclusively menia occupations, back streets, and the cas off houses of the humblest whites.

HOW TO SOLVE IT.

The surest, speediest remedy for this refusal to rent colored people houses in desirable localities is for each family, as far as possible, to own its house. Next, for colored men to unite their means and erect houses which could either be rented or sold. There is plenty of unimproved property in Washington which can be bought from forty to seventy five cents per square foot, making the price of a lot range from $800 to $1500. Lots in small streets would range even below this figure, and houses could be erected thereon from $1000 to $2000, which could be readily sold from $2.400 to $3500 each, according to locality, number of rooms and style of finish.

There are many who have a prejudice to living on the smaller streets. True it is that the houses there have been of an inferior character; but in later years many very comfortable, and in some cases, elegeant, houses, have been erected on such streets, and occupied by families with whose income that of our best colored families would favorably compare.

Such are French, Corcoran, between 13th and 15th, Riggs and De Sales Sts., Pierce and Kingman Places, in the northwestern section of our city.

Now, we see no reason whatever why colored men cannot do like the Citizen's Company, for instance, did with the square bounded by 9th, 10th R and S Streets—and erect houses to meet the increasing demand on the part of colored families of respectability intelligence, moral and material worth.

This remedy is one within the reach of the colored people themselves, and the only one that can be relied on for substantial results. Shall we help ourselves?

We think all of our readers have noticed a slight improvement in these columns within the last three weeks, and that it is being published so promptly that all our city readers at least can obtain it in their earliest mail on Saturday morning; and many of our out of town readers as far north as the city of New York can obtain it the same day.

We thank our friends, so many of whom have borne with us so long, for their patronage.

We would make the observation that while the *State Journal* of Harrisburg is giving credit to the different newspapers for the items in its very readable "news columns," that it occasionally give The Advocate due credit for its share. In its last issue of November 24th, of four columns, there were nearly three-fourths of a column which came from The Advocate. Give us credit when you credit others.

We would desire to suggest to our contemporaries the propriety of "mooting" the advisability of calling upon our representative colored men to meet in this city about the time of the sessions of the National Republican Committee, which meets December 12th, in order to counsel with them as to the best means of conducting a successful canvass in 1884, and of ascertaining what "figure" the colored man is to cut in case of republican success. No insinuations, gentlemen.

Wm. H. A. Young, of Virginia, was last week appointed a clerk in the treasurer's office, Treasury Department.

HON. WALTER EVANS.

The new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, whose name heads this article, is one of that class of public officials who is making himself felt by his straightforward management of the affairs of the Bureau over which he presides with so much dignity and credit. He is every inch a *man* and treats his fellowman with the respect due him regardless of color or condition. He belongs to that class of Republicans who *understand* what Republicanism means, and who live up to the policy and the practices of Republicanism pure and simple.

Col. Evans is a fair man, and gentlemen in his Bureau are prepared to testify to his impartial treatment of all those who are under him in any capacity. There is no better Republican anywhere than Col. Evans. He comes from good stock, and is the right man in the right place. The colored employes of the Bureau of which he is the honored cheif speak in the highest terms of him as an officer, a man, and a gentleman. His course has been consistent throughout the brief period he has been in charge of the office. He has no favorites to reward, and his foes are so insignificant and few that they cannot *touch him*. No man has occupied the Commissioner's office whose reputation for probity, honesty, uprightness and love of fair play was greater than the distinguishe gentleman whom we have the pleasure to know personally, and with whom we frequently come in contact. It may be well said of Walter Evans as was said of another no less distinguished:—His life is gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, the whole world might stand forth and say, this is a MAN.

The followers of Islam, by the hundreds of thousands under the banner of "The False Prophet," have completely vanquished the Egyptian army sent against them, and at last accounts were marching towards Khartoum. If England does not promptly and vigorously go to the rescue of the Khedive, "the sick man of the East" will be up again for treatment. The East Indian commerce of Europe will be jeopardized, England and France being the greatest sufferers; the latter will be in no condition to worry China, and the former will be compelled ultimately to establish a protectorate in Egypt. That England will act decidedly we do not doubt. British interests,—whether in the Suez canal, the autonomy in India, or the payment of Egyptian bonds held in London,—will not be allowed to suffer.

Harper's Weekly honored Hon. Frederick Douglass and the race with which he is identified by the artistic life-like portrait and the historical sketch of him by George Wm. Curtis, which it published in its issue of the 24th instant. The tribute was as well deserved as any similar honor to any other living American. The Harper Brothers would do art and the American people a good service if they have engravings suitable for framing published from the same plate.

We were certain that the report of the Danville Committee of Forty was too unanimous and too one-sided to be at all reliable. The version of the N Y. *Times* is nearer the truth, including as it does the testimony of Democratic eye-witnesses who would, if they conscientiously could, shift the responsibility upon the Negro. Now let Mr. Dezendorf go to Danville!

It is illustrative of a spirit which is yet rampant. Dr. O. M. Atwood entered the National Pharmacy by one door and all but eight of its forty-six white students, including Mr. Bigelow, president of the college association left by another. These men deserve to be boycotted, whenever and wherever they enter upon their practice. We wish we knew their names.

The Southern Negro has three alternatives; (1) he must abstain from asserting himself in politics against the will and pleasure of the Southern whites and bide his time; (2) he must be prepared to fight for his rights; or (3) he must resort to the expedient of emigration. Between these he must choose the path of duty.

We wonder whether Mr. John F. Dezendorf now believes that the attack on him with rotten eggs when he attempted to speak in Oxford Hall in the city of Portsmouth, Va., a few years ago was an outrage on free speech.

The *Southern American* greets us from Chatanooga, Tenn. H. C. Smith is proprietor and editor. We cheerfully place it on our exchange list.

Sojourner Truth, the colored lecturess and sibyl, died at Batt'e Creek, Mich., Monday, aged 108 years. She was a slave up to the emancipation of New York in 1827, after which she began to labor in behalf of abolition with remarkable success. She was unique as a speaker.

She always declared that she was spiritually commanded to take the name of "Sojourner Truth." The eccentric old woman often declared that there was no person living who knew her age. She was born in Ulster county New York, near Kingston. Kingston was burned by order of Sir Henry Clinton, in 1777. She was a full grown woman when the *Ulster Gazette* came out in mourning, for the death of Washington. This was in 1799. She saw the first steamboat, Fulton, go up the river for the first time. This was in 1807. The act of 1817 in the State of New York, emancipated all slaves who were over forty years old. Soon after that 10,000 slaves were set at liberty. All younger than forty were retained in bondage until 1827, when all were freed. Sojourner was freed by the first act.

The proudest moment of her life was when she was presented to President Lincoln, at Washington, and was congratulated on her work. She owned a comfortable home at Battle Creek, Mich., and a valuable farm a short distance from the town.—New York Herald.

—Prof. W. J. Simmons arrived in town last Saturday night. He spoke at Berean church Sunday morning.

THE VICTORIOUS BOURBONS.

WHAT THEIR TRIUMPH BRINGS THE NEGRO.

The Bourbons have succeeded, by intimidation, fraud and murder, in wresting our State Government from the control of the liberals and Republicans, and ninety-eight thousand Negro voters, with their wives and children, their homes and lands—their all, are recommitted to political slavery and the cold, frozen mercy of their oppressors. As to the treatment the Negro is to receive from the malicious Bourbons, it is, according to their programme, harsh, cruel and revengeful to the extreme. I will not attempt to portray it, but that some idea may be formed of the character, nature and extent of the punishment, hear what a Bourbon newspaper, *The Star*, published at West Point, Va., says:

Business No. 1.—We understand that a meeting of the land and property holders of King William county is likely to be called shortly for some of the voting districts, if not for the whole county, to determine on a course to break the solid color line which has heretofore elected such men as Hansford Anderson over such men as Philip Gibson, Judge Gregory and Col. Carter. The object of the meeting will be to harmonize the relations between labor and capital, which have been disturbed by white and black demagogues, and to convince the colored man that his land-holding neighbor is his true friend, and that whoever arrays himself against him is his worst enemy; that the whites intend to call a halt in the carpet-bag scalawag and Mahone policy which continually votes against us, to their injury and ours and at the risk of race conflicts.

Business No. 2.—We also learn that a list is being made up of the colored men who voted with us at the last election, or who, convinced of their error, purpose to vote with us hereafter. It is proposed that preferences should be given to all such persons in the sale or renting of lands, in the giving of employments and in the extension of favors. And we hereby call upon Hansford Anderson to take care of the black sheep of his flock and not expect us to do so for him. We intend justice, humanity and kindness to all men, but we are first for our friends, and we mean to stand up to the colored men who stood up to Gibson. Hansford must take care of his stock and not expect those whom he does not represent to graze them. That thing is played out."

Comments are unnecessary, the article explains their intentions, read if you would understand. Read between the lines and see if we can argue that it is a declaration of war against those who voted the readjuster, coalition tickets. Mr. Anderson, of whom the editor speaks, is a white man and a readjuster; if white men are to receive the treatment indicated in the above war declaration, simply because they favor the political equality of all men, it is easy to imagine the terror which awaits the poor unoffending unarmed Negro, who is told by this declaration if he continues to vote the Mahone Coalition ticket he is to be not only not given labor, *not to be allowed to rent or purchase* the old, worn out plantation lands, but that he is to be shot down, massacred, murdered, by his Bourbon neighbor—in short another vote for the Coalition will precipitate a war of races, with the arms and ammunition all on the side of the bourbons, and in which the killed will all be on the Negro side.

At a recent meeting, in fact the first after the Bourbon triumph, a member of the City Council, of this city, declared in a speech that the Bourbon party, of which he was a member, did not intend appropriating one dollar to educate the Negro children, and assailed the school system that put Negro teachers in Negro schools.

In furtherance of the plan of punishing the Negro for voting the Coalition ticket, at Petersburg the Saturday following the election, numbers of hands, some of whom had been employed for years, were told that their services were no longer needed, and all discharged were only those who had refused to vote the Bourbon ticket. This plan, the press says, should and must be carried out throughout the State, until those only who have or do now agree to support the Bourbon ticket hereafter, shall be employed. By this means they expect to intimidate and control the Negro's vote.

Many persons outside of the State fail to understand why this reign of terror should now be meditated against the Negroes. To those acquainted with the politics of the State it is obvious. Up to 1879 the Negroes voted the Republican ticket with, of course, no chance of winning, save in a few counties and in those the count was not unfrequently against them as the Bourbons did the counting. Of the 31 counties with Negro majorities, about ten Republicans reached the Legislature, in which they stood about one to thirteen—and those were often ignorant, uneducated and wanting in the higher attributes of manliness of character. Consequently the State was absolutely in the control of the Bourbons, against whom they were not able to make even a minority fight. Of course there was no need of terrorizing and intimidating the Negroes under this state of affairs, and to aid them in perpetuating their power in the Tide Water and South Side counties and cities, where the Negroes are the bulk of the population. Col. Platt, Ambler Smith, Gen. Wickham, Dezendorf and their likes inaugurated a plan by which the Bonrbons should have control in these sections and they, Platt & Co., were to hold the Federal offices and be the Representatives in Congress, and this they did until the ambition of John Goode, Hinton and Wise led them, as they were not in the contract, to oppose them, and the rapidity with which these men disappeared when the fight came, all know. There was nothing in the political doings of the Negroes to invoke the displeasure of the Bourbons. They knew as long as they kept the Republican banner aloft as no native whites would dare enlist under it; the Negro vote was harmless and of no effect.

But now, that under the control and in an alliance with 40,000 native whites, the Negro vote becomes potent, the Bourbons find it necessary, in order to overcome the Coalition majority, to intimidate and murder the Negroes, and to apply the Southern methods of oppression and ostracism, that they may deter them from voting anything but the straight Republican ticket under Platt's method as carried out by the renegade, Dezendorf the friend of office holders.

Eskiam.

OUR FIRST HISTORIAN

PAYS A DESERVING TRIBUTE TO MASSACHUSETT'S FIRST COLORED JUDGE.

Last week Hon. Geo. W. Williams, the colored historian, entertained Hon. Geo. L. Ruffin, who has just been confirmed as judge of the Charlestown District Court. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Williams said:

"Our beloved Commonwealth, first in war, first in peace is, also, first in the hearts of its citizens. Not desiring to escape the logic of its professions and declarations, a Republican council unanimously confirms to the high and honorable office of municipal judge, a man of our race, Hon. Geo. L. Ruffin. All hail! friend and kinsman; your brethren in Massachusetts, and throughout the world greet you. You have a high point in our racial life, and are representative in a two-fold sense. On the one hand you represent the character, intelligence and fidelity of the Negro race, and on the other hand your confirmation to be a judge in this Commonwealth is the true thermometer of public feeling toward the Negro race; and your triumph makes you at once representative of the highest and best sentiment of the Republican party, to which, with unswerving devotion, from its birth you consecrated your splendid abilities. Your elevation to a judicial position is an unmistakable evidence that the world moves. Scowling enmities, sectional grudges and racial prejudices are sinking as rapidly as storms beneath the horizon. The nemesis of retribution has overtaken the enemies of mankind; and the romance of modern history is that here in Massachusetts, upon whose free soil slaves were once hunted, and from under whose world-famed institution Anthony Burns was dragged back to the hell of slavery, a Negro judge now clothes his decisions with the majesty of "the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." Indeed truth is stranger than fiction.

AMONG THE BALTIMOREANS.

Cool and pleasant weather.

Eight days mission services is being held at St. James P. E. church, also a Missionary Society has been organized by the members of the congregation with the following members: Rev. Geo. B. Johnson, president; Mrs. Reuben Wright, vice-president; William H. Jones, secretary; Jas. L. Bradford, assistant; W. H. Waters, treasurer.

St. Mary's Sinking Fund supper was a grand success. It was served in elegant style; the ladies in charge were Mrs. W. H. Bishop, Miss Eliza Thomas, Misses Masons and others.

Mr. Geo. A. Jones is very ill.

Mrs. William Tyler, of West River, is in the city.

Mr. John Wesley Adams, Dr. H. J. Brown and R. A. Stanley, are working faithfully for colored teachers in the public schools of this city.

Mrs. Geo. P. T. Jones, left for Philadelphia to remain until after the holidays.

Miss Vinnie Ross, who has been confined to bed, is improving.

The marriage of Mr. Jas. Height and Miss Mary Smith, will take place shortly.

The Late National Convention

Prof. J. M. Gregory, Secretary of the late National Convention, has received a letter from Col. W. A. Pledger, Chairman of the National Executive Committee stating that he expects, in a short time to have sufficient funds on hand to have the proceedings of said convention published.

Col. Pledger will be in the city on the 19th of December, when the Executive Committee meets, after which time copies of the proceedings will be distributed. All friendly papers will please notice.

THE DANVILLE AFFAIR.

WHAT THE COLORED PEOPLE OF RICHMOND THINK.

At a memorial meeting held at the Second Baptist church, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, woe and sorrow cover a part of our people known as the colored people of the State of Virginia, who were meekly striving for a living—as any people should do—to feed their wives and children from the sweat of their face and to exercise a God-given right in the land of their birth, we meet here to express our deepest sympathy for the wives and children of those men of color who met an untimely death in the streets and city of Danville, at the hands of those whose hate and great displeasure we have encountered—for no fault of ours other than the color of our skin and the condition to which we have been forced by the same law of violence to which we submitted for the space of two hundred and fifty years of the hardest toil known to human beings; for which we have had no redress and sought no revenge, but sought peace and pursued the same. We accepted of our liberties given us of God through the arbitration of war made between the parties of liberty and those of slavery. We are free to express our joy for the physical liberty and the improvements made in our ranks by the results and fortunes of the war—the school house, the *ballot box* and common rights—to be used at will without the fear of violence, as used upon the defenseless colored people at Danville, Va., on Saturday, the 3d day of November last. In consideration of this violence, brought on by the enemies of our race and the haters of humanity, we do most humbly ask the God of all light to pardon them of the guilt of murder and restore them to the family of thinking men; that the sins they committed against helpless men, women and children be forgiven them; and that they may at least be reminded of the fact that God is just, and they with ourselves are bound to a judgment seat outside of the prejudice of race and color and before that tribunal they will be called in judgment; and even sooner too, they will have to face the verdict of a personal judgment amidst human affairs. We offer no insult, but we are sensible of the wrong, and feel that we could not do our duty to the distressed and to the perpetrators of those crimes without saying this, to show that we live and have a sense of the right, though in oppression—the vassals of hate to the class reviling us. We do not propose to leave the State, nor in any way relinquish our claims to the rights of liberty and the pursuit of happiness as worded in the Constitutiou of these United States: therefore, be it

Resolved, That this meeting send means pecuniarily, food, and raiment to the wives and children of the murdered men of Danville, and assistance also to the wounded of that bloody riot; and by so doing will tell them that while their slayers live on plenty and glory in the shame of their deeds of blood, we feel that they (the dead ones) have met the death of martyrs in the cause of freedom, and their children will be remembered in time to come.

Resolved, further, That we ask that these resolutions, with the words of the preamble, be all published in every friendly newspaper North and South and a copy of the same be sent to each one of the bereaved ones of Danville and other parts of the State.

Resolved, further, That a part of the exercises of this meeting be taken up in prayer to God, the author of liberty, that the spirit of peace and love to prevail in our State and all the world.

Resolved, That this preamble and resolutions be published in the Richmond *Whig* of this city, requesting that the whole be copied by other papers of the State and all sister States.

Wm. Troy, Pastor.

Jefferson on the Negro.

WHAT VOORHEES THINKS.

Jefferson's long struggle for religious freedom and for that of the Negro was dwelt upon with great minuteness. The speaker went back to the times of the Pilgrim Fathers, and followed the gradual spread of spiritual bondage in the country until the advent of Jefferson in the Virginia Legislature as the champion of freedom of speech and thought on all topics. On the subject of slavery he quoted copiously from Jefferson's various speeches and read in full a letter written by Jefferson, in which the eventual emancipation of the Negro in this country was predicted. "We have seen that prediction fulfilled," he concluded, "but whether we must provide another land for the colored man, where he can live under our supervision, or whether the white and the black can live together on this soil, we must leave for future generations to determine."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Go West.

Two or three colored prospectors, who were sent to Arkansas from Georgia to examine the country, with a view to the emigration of the colored people of Georgia to that State, were in the city yesterday on their return, and said that they would advise the removal. They spoke of being highly pleased with what they learned while there. The rents in South Carolina are becoming so oppressive that many of the poorer classes, both black and white, are leaving that State and going west. It would appear from this that other agents than the railroads are working this change.—*Southern American.*

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B. Anderson.
" ..... G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be addressed THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Box 263, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

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H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M Sts., N. W.
R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, New York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—Rev. R. M. Cheek, who was here last week, has returned to Wytheville,

—Maj. Allen M. Bland, well known in this community and throughout the middle states, died at Charleston, S. C., on the 18th instant. He leaves a widow and six children, one of them being James Bland, the minstrel.

—The trio, "O restless sea," was given in fine style by Messrs. John T. Layton and Lane and Miss Sarah Jurix, of the Washington Harmonic Association, last Tuesday night.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The sensation in religious circles is the purchase by the Galbraith Chapel congregation of the Emmanual church, situated on 6th Street, near L. The possession of this edifice brings Galbraith from comparative obscurity to the front as the leading church of the A. M. E. Zion connexion. The price agreed upon is $17,000.

—Harry Renfro, son of one of our most worthy citizens, will act as our collecior for South Washington. He will make his calls generally on Saturdays. We ask our patrons in that section of the city to be prepared for him.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Mr. Tillyer, of Minnesota, reads the paper for discussion Tuesday evening at the Literary on "The advantages the South offers over those of the North, as a field for colored men.

—Rev. J. S. Cowles, pastor of John Wesley A. M. E. Z. church, left here last Monday afternoon to attend the Conference at Jamesville, N. C., where also the questions raised by the recent suspension of Bishop Hillery and the counter suspension of Bishop Hood will be considered. Much bitter feeling is manifested by the friends of both.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—It is rumored that Mr. Charles H Gray will soon wed Miss Bettie Payne, of Richmond, Va., now residing in this city. Miss Payne is a handsome, intelligent and cultured young lady, and Mr Gray may consider himself favored. Their future home will be in California.

—The Donizetti Club, gave a pleasant social at Miss C. Griffith's on L Street near 15, Friday evening of last week, Among those present were Misses A. Geary, L. Lee, B. Payne, L. Carroll, N. Powell, A. Wilson, M. Arnett, C. McPherson, A. Johnson, A. Bell, R. Lee and Messrs. Beverly, Savoy, Allen, Griffith, Cook Brent, Burke, Davis, Thomas Gant, Lacy, Washington, Draper, Camper, McFarland, and many others.

Thanksgiving Notes.

The Capital Pleasure Club gave a splendid reception at Willard's Hall. This club is composed mainly of residents of capital Hill.

The Cadets Armory was thronged. The Hall is pronounced an immense success and the Cadets are congratulated on their enterprise.

The corner stone of Mt. Pisgah church edifice was laid with appropriate ceremonies.

The Thanksgiving supper of "The Noble Bereans" was a decided success.

The "Isrealites" were also successful in their supper.

The concert at Lincoln Hall Thursday evening last was poorly attended. The soloists acquitted themselves very creditably. Mrs. Nellie Brown-Mitchell sustained her well won reputation, as a vocalist, and Mrs Sallie Waring and Mrs. M. Arving sang sweetly and well. Mr. A. K Brodie made a good impression, and the Orpheus Club sang themselves into the good opinion of the audience. There were seventeen young gentlemen, and each seemed to be doing his part. Miss Alice L. Strange accompanied the soloists.

BETHEL LITERARY.

"Divine agencies for the redemption and civilization of Africa," was th theme upon which Bishop Daniel A. Payne discoursed before the Bethel Literary Tuesday night. Africa, he said was not exclusively the home of the black man; other races beside the Negro were found and flourished there. In the divine plan races are subordinated to humanity.

The bishop instanced the salient points learned from modern discovery, located the different fields of missionary associations, American and European, and gave brief statistical summaries. He could not say positively what the physical result would be to the African Negro of his contact with the civilizing races which are working towards the interior on the line of missions and commerce from the South and the East. The Indian, he said, rejects Christian influences and perishes; the Negro accepts them and is saved. He quoted Victor Hugo's saying that the 19th century had made the Negro a man; the 20th century would make Africa a world, and closed with a declaration of his faith that Africa would be saved for Christ. The bishop spoke without notes, save as to his statistics, for more than an hour. He was listened to with reverent attention, and at the close he was greeted with hearty applause.

Dr. D. P. Seaton was called to the chair, whereupon R. J. Smith took the floor. He said we should not be misled by the statistical accounts of missionaries in Africa. He did not believe the best results to Christianity would under God be wrought by Caucasians, many of whose missionaries practice enormities of which the world hears but seldom.

A. St. A. Smith took the floor, but he shot wide of the mark, partly because he was so unfortunate as not to hear the entire discourse of the bishop.

J. W. Cromwell said, in view of Christianity meeting Islamism in all its aggressiveness in Africa, it was not so certain but that the outcome there would be a religion partaking of both. In India the Brahmo Somaj has risen to such proportions that the orthodox Christians of Europe and America are giving it an approving consideration. This would in all probability be the future religion of India, being more in accordance with the Hindu conception. Is it not likely that Mohammedanism, which is so powerful and so aggressive in Africa, often proselyting christian converts to Islam, would be a potent factor in determining the future religion of Africa?

Rev. G. W. Moore thought that there was a strong analogy between the condition of Africa, in respect to the progress of missionary effort, and the American Negro, in the South. At the close of the war pioneers, almost exclusively white, went forth, established schools, colleges, and churches upon a new basis, yet they had but entered upon the threshold, as it were. As the Negro himself is to work out his destiny in our Southland, so the native African would be the central figure in the solution of the African problem. The same agencies there as here—industrial schools, colleges, mission homes, would produce beneficent results.

Mr. W. H. H. Hart agreed with Mr. Cromwell that race has a determining influence on religion; but he thought it hardly probable that a result like that in India would be reached. The Aryan race had its home in what is now India and it was but diamond cutting diamond when the civilization of England came in conflict with the metaphysical Hindoo. The Negro mind on the contrary was plastic and yielding.

Bishop Payne spoke briefly in reply to the criticisms of Mr. Smith and the fears of Mr. Cromwell.

Hon. Fredrick Douglass denied the proposition that the Indian resisted christianity. It was only when it was brought to him as in America that he turned a deaf ear to it. In Canada the Indian and the Englishman are friends; in Mexico the Indian is a christian, and one of the greatest presidents was Juarez, an Indian. The American church had not yet learned to treat the colored man respectfully. He approved Bishop Payne's broad doctrine as to the races, and congratulated him upon his able treatment of the topic under consideration. A vote of thanks was tendered Bishop Payne and the audience was dismissed.

West Washington Notes

There was a large meeting held by the honorary members of Lincoln Light Infantry and other citizens of West Washington, in the parlor of R. D. Ruffin, to complete the arrangements for holding a Grand Fair, to raise means to purchase new suits for said company. R. D. Ruffin was elected president; J. L Turner, secretary. After addresses by several members, complimenting the skilful manner in which the company was conducted in the last competitive drill which they considered reflected great credit on West Washington. it was resolved to give a Fair. The following were appointed a committee to arrange the Hall: Arther Cowins, J. L. Turner, Frank Brown, James Washington, R. D. Ruffin. Committee on Printing: Capt. Cornell, Lieut. Washington, Henry Hall, J. L. Turner, Frank Brown. A committee of fifteen were appointed with books to solicit means.

Hillsdale.

The first annual sermon, of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, of Hillsdale D. C., was preached by the Rev. C. H. Welch, on Sunday November 25th, 1883, at Mount Zion A. M. E. church. His subject was taken from Corinthians 13 - "Faith Hope and Charity."

The discourse was one of great interest. The audience was very large and a handsome collection was made.

The Mount Zion church is making rapid progress under the administration of Rev. J. H. Welch.

The Thanksgiving supper of said church was quite a success. Also the Jug-breaking entertainment of the Macedonia Baptist church. Nov. 30th, under the pastorship of Rev. L. Harrod.

A prize entertainment and exhibition will take place at 7:30 p. m. at Bethlehem Baptist church, December 3rd, 1883.

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED and racked by a persistent Cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

MARRIED—In Pittsburg, Pa., on the 20th of November, at the Wiley-avenue A. M. E. church, by its pastor, Rev. Geo. C. Sampson, Thomas W. Madison to Miss Annie J. Jordan, both of the city of Washington. The ceremony was witnessed by a number of friends of the contracting parties.

A Musical Treat.

A grand musical concert is to be given on January 4th, 1884, in which the best musical talent among the colored people of this country will participate. It will be known as the "Star Concert," and will be held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, New York. Washington will contribute her share, and will no doubt press the other "stars" for the first place.

JUST OUT! JUST OUT!!

The eloquent speeches of Col. R. G. Ingersoll and Fredrick Douglass, on The Civil Rights question, have been published in pamphlet form. Copies may be obtained at this office, price fifteen cents. Persons remitting that amount, will have a copy sent by return of mail.

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Language of the Mouth.

The latest language is the "language of the mouth." Imagine the fascination of reading a woman's character by her mouth, without any reference to what comes out of it. It can be done, however, according to a modern wiseacre, and here are the rules to be observed. If her mouth is very small, there is not much mind, but overmuch shallow sentiment. If she has a very large mouth she will possess a good brain, but the trouble is in kissing it. Large mouths put a man to an artistic test; he will be driven to his wits' end and whether to begin at one corner and conclude on the other, or to make a heoric dash at the middle and endeavor to reach both corners. But if you are a kissing artist it can be covered nicely enough. If your sweetheart has a coarsely-formed mouth she will be sensuar and full of strong, coarse points of character, and will raise a row in the family. If she has a delicately formed mouth, with rounded lips and of a velvety color, she will have much sensibility and perfection of character, but will not astonish by her brilliancy of conception or execution. It is a good mouth because it is kissable and submissive. Shun blue-lipped or thin-lipped women; they will bore you to death with literature or women's rights, theorize while you want your dinner, or spoil your temper by their red-hot scolding tongues.

Sleep After Dinner.

It is one of the annoying idiosyncrasies of human nature to make especial war on everything that is especially agreeable. The annual jeremiades against drinking ice-water that appear in the newspapers as regularly as dog-days are very good illustrations of this, and another is the popular impression that it is very unhealthy to sleep after meals. There is nothing more luxuriously comfortable than "forty winks" after dinner; but all the old women of the world and half the doctors, those being the classes who assume to know all about what is and what is not unhealthy, wage unnecessary war against the after dinner nap. It doesn't matter that the whole of the brute creation, which is not affected with any crusading reason, offers a proof that sleep after eating is the order of nature. So it is with pleasure we read of recent experiments made by French savans which bring the cold logic of science to reinforce the teachings of the animal life around us. Two learned French professors have been prying into the stomachs of a couple of dogs, who were subjected to different treatment after a hearty meal. One was made to take active exercise, and his stomach showed that only half the meal was digested an hour after it was eaten, while in the stomach of the other, which was allowed to lie down and sleep after he had his meal, the contents was found to be in an advanced stage of digestion one hour after they had been swallowed. The moral is plain: Eat, sleep, and be happy.

How to Keep Healthy.

Do not neglect ventilating your bedrooms when the weather becomes cold. In the morning hoist the windows, take off the bed-clothes, shake and stir the ticks, turn the upper one over the footroll. This will prevent the impure odors penetrating farther, and they will escape faster while the bed is warm, and you will not have to wait for the beds to air when you are ready to make them.

In hot weather we sleep with all the windows open, but do not allow the wind to blow directly upon us. In the coldest nights of winter we only leave the doors open connecting with other rooms. On no account sleep in tight rooms without at least a crack to admit of pure air. Plenty of fresh air gives health, strength and elasticity to the lungs and body.

Keep the pores of the skin open, to let the impurities pass out freely, by washing the body once a week in winter and oftener in summer. Have the room warm, bathe quickly and wipe dry, and you will not feel chilly if it has been done properly. If all the clothing worn by day were aired while we sleep in other garments, much health and comfort would be added to life. One-third of our lives is spent in our sleeping-rooms. Do be particular about them. Let them be large, dry and pleasant.

HEADACHE.—One principal reason why women suffer more than men with headache is the fact that their life is largely indoors, and they are not able to take so much physical exercise. There is very little complaint at summer resorts, where the windows are always open and games and excursions constantly tempt people into the open air. Girls who ride, row, sail and shoot seldom have headaches, and the same is true of those who work in the fields, as women in many countries do. Headaches might be almost banished from civilized society by a wise and careful system of physical training, and rational system of diet. We ought to be as ashamed of having a headache as being unable to read or write, or speak our language correctly

NEW ARMORY HALL

On and after Saturday, December 1st 1883, THE WASHINGTON CADET CORPS will be prepared TO LET their New Armory, situated on O Street, between 7th and 8th Streets, N. W., for one or more evenings to their Brother Companies of The District Militia, to Churches, Grand Army Posts, Masonic and Odd Fellow Lodges, and to other Organizations and Responsible Parties at the Lowest Rates.

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Tom Hughes on American Tree-Cutting.

There are few more interesting experiences than a ride through these Southern forests. The scrub is so low and thin that you can almost see away for long distances amongst pine, white-oak, and chestnut trees; and every now and then at ridges where the timber is thin, or where a clump of trees has been ruthlessly "girdled," and the bare, gaunt skeletons only remain standing, you may catch glimpses of mountain ranges of different shades of blue and green, stretching far away to the horizon. You can't live many days up here without getting to love the trees even more, I think, than we do in well-kempt England; and this outrage of "girdling," as they call it—stripping the bark from the lower part of the trunk—so that the trees wither and die as they stand—strikes one as a kind of household cruelty, as if a man could cut off or disfigure all his wife's hair. If he wants a tree for lumber or firewood, very good. He should have it. But he should cut it down like a man and take it clean away for some reasonable use, not leave it as a scarecrow to bear witness to his recklessness and laziness. Happily not much mischief of this kind has been done yet in the neighborhood of Rugby, and a stop will now be put to the wretched practice.

There is another, too, almost as ghastly, but which, no doubt, has more to be said for it. At least half the largest pines alongside of the sandy tracts which do duty for roads have a long, gaping wound in their sides, about a yard from the ground. This was the native way of collecting turpentine, which oozed down and accumulated at the bottom of the gash; but I rejoice to say it no longer pays, and the custom is in disuse. It must be suppressed altogether, but carefully and gently. It seems that if not persisted in too long, the poor, dear long-suffering trees will close up their wounds, and not be much the worse, so I trust that many of the scored pines, springing forty or fifty feet in the air before throwing out a branch, which I passed in sorrow and anger on my first long ride, may yet outlive those who outraged them. Having got rid of my spleen, excited by these two diabolic customs, I can return to our ride, which had otherwise nothing but delight in it.—*London Spectator.*

From a telegram to your shoemaker—Make me another pair exactly like my last.

What is that which flies high, flies low, has no feet, cannot walk, and yet wears shoes?—Dust.

Why may a tipsy man fall into the river with impunity?—Because he won't drown as long as his head swims.

Any man who wants a partner with cash capital says there is money in the business The trouble is to get it out.

Every maiden can have a feller if she has money enough to buy a sewing machine with all the modern attachments.

The glass of soda and the looking glass resemble each other. You can see the soda fizz in one, and your own phis in the other.

A domestic named Angelica Jordan has passed over her last name and became a portion of her first name. She attempted to kindle a fire with coal oil.

Venice is the richest city in Italy—it is most free from debt. And with all those canals, too! The Venetian aldermen and State legislators are fearfully behind the age.

"What decoration is that you are wearing?" said an Austrian sergeant to a new recruit. The man blushed deeply and responded: "It is a medal our cow won at the cattle show."

Eccentric old officer to new footman—"Now, then, Patrick call me a cab." Pat, who thinks this is a dodge to try his sincerity: "Och, no, yer honor! It's not mesel that'll be calling ye names, at all!"

The other day a mild little man, with an invalid wife and seven children, won a big black bear in a raffle in Memphis. The bear was raffled off because it ate up its last owner, and the little man who made the lucky throw is just wild to know what to do with it.

She was a charming girl, and her method of explaining what she had heard at scientific meetings was irresistible. Discoursing upon the photophone, she said, lucidly, "You see by the means of a lens they condense a ray of space—" The rest of her remark was lost in the laughter of the company.

"Seventy-five cents per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on looking over the price current. "Why, bless me, what is the world comming to, when gals are valued at seventy-five cents!" The old lady pulled off her spectacles, threw down her paper, and went into a brown study on the want of a proper appreciation of the feminine gender.

Short Sunday Sermons.

A man cannot give a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

Money is a bottomless sea in which honor and conscience and truth may be drowned.

A suggestion to the pulpit: Less oratorical pyrotechnics and more head and heart argument.

The moment a man begins to rise above his fellows, he comes to be a mark for their missiles.

If you can say nothing good of any one, say nothing at all; for in friendship, as in love, we are often happier in our lack of knowledge.

Don't let your heart bleed over the poor heathen, while the poor Christian at home is starving for kindness or substantial aid.

In loving God so abundantly, manifest a little for your fellow men. 'Twill be consistent, and will win hearts to the church.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Don't weary your eyes and excite your own envy in church by scanning all your neighbors' dress, but give your head and heart to the preaching of God's gospel.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self denial for the sake of others, with a view to obtain the same indulgence from others.

Don't expect to make up for a neglect and violation of the commandments all the week by ostentatious service on Sunday. The Lord isn't unsophistocated. He has had too much experience with your folks.

Herbert Spencer says "Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external existences and sequences." But can Mr. Spencer prove it? He should not make such a rash [illegible] unless he has the papers to corroborate these things at all. This campaign has been too prolific of exaggerated statements.

Do Your Own Fishing.

There was a volume of wisdom in the advice of the elder man to the younger, when wishing for fish, not to stand idly looking at others, but get a line, cut a pole, dig bait and "pitch in."

No man ever got ahead in life by standing with starting eyes and gaping mouth and hands deeply thrust in pockets, watching others. Cutting bait and stringing fish after they are caught, and wishing, never yet amounted to anything. You have got to hold the pole yourself and angle for the best fish. The scaly swimmers wont come to shore to be caught. You must "go for them" in the most seductive fashion, and endure the labor and sweat of taking them in. Lolling on the banks in the shade will never fill your basket, and you will be certain to grow hungry for the breakfast you will gain in this manner—see if you don't.

Get up early and catch the worm and then the fish. Don't be everlastingly the sluggard. There is no sense in the plea that if the worm didn't make a fool of itself, and indulged in a later nap, it wouldn't be caught, and the ambitious bird would return to its nest minus. The theory is comforting, no doubt, but the practice is starvation. Some worm will be out and some bird will catch it. If one particular squirmer escape one swift darting songster, it will become the food of a second. That is a fixed fact in nature. Somebody has got to secure the prize; and one who is earliest and most intent upon the search will be the man.

Do your own fishing. Trusting to another will give you a very small share of the spoils. No such division of labor ever resulted in satisfaction or in fortune. You remember the story of the white man and the Indian and the turkey and the buzzard? Well, that's about how it will be. He who gains the prize will be likely to retain it, and he should. The mere watcher has no rightful claim. It is the catcher who has the best title, and possession is—you know what the law says of it. Rig up your own and attend to your own line. Don't be forever following the miserable example of old Rip Van Winkle, and "doing chores" for others. It don't pay. Bait your own hook and throw in your own flies. If the stream is deep, don't fear to wade; if rocky, risk a fall. Then what you get will be your own, and there will be no grumbling about fair play.

Get a hook and line and pole and sinker and go to work like a man. The world is a vast fish pond, and in it swim the prizes—the salmon of business. No matter what you hook, sucker or trout, it has some value; the earlier you are up, and the more strictly you attend to business, the more likely you are not to remain empty-handed. Whistling carelessly around won't answer. Fishing in life must be real and earnest; must employ time and brain and muscle; it is not child's play; for others are desperately striving to be foremost, and if you let your rod rest unused upon the bank, and don't keep your line free from snarls, and neglect your bait, the stream will flow uselessly for you along, and the shoal of gold-scaled fish swim past and never bite.

You cannot worm yourself into successful business and wealth without strong and continued effort. It is the head against the current all the time, and the little minnows have to fight to keep the whales from sucking in and swallowing them up. You must catch the flood and take care that the ebb does not catch you. You must be on the alert and wary; have quick eyes and quick hands and strong nerves. When the cork goes under, be ready to "strike," and sink the hook so deep there can be no escape. You must do your own fishing, or you will never see scale or fin, save to envy another.

Do your own fishing. Act for yourself as much as possible in the nature of things, and don't indolently trust to another. Select the best place and keep "bobbing" until it is fished dry without thinking of moving. Changing about with every wind that blows is almost as bad as not throwing in the line at all. Bait is not generally taken at the first cast, and the public have been gulled so often it is shy about taking the hook. Look well to the rod, the reel, the line, the leader, the sinker, and use the "most killing" and dainty morsels, and be ready when the rush comes. Another can not do business—at least, as a general rule—one-half as well as you can for yourself.

Do your own fishing if you would be satisfied with the result. Stop loafing around whistling, (and whiskying!) throwing pebbles idly into the stream, but go to work in earnest. You have no pole or line? Then get them, It can be done somehow if you try. "Cutting bait" may be better than nothing—barely better—and that's all it foots up. No single man has the monopoly of business, and you have just as good a right to fish in the stream of success as another. Do it, and don't stand whining for the breakfast and dinner and supper you can earn. Fish for yourself, or you will learn to your sorrow that the devil is fishing for you with a long pole and a sharp hook.—*Rounds' Printers' Cabinet.*

Visiting Schools.

Mr. A. Bayliss, who conducts the educational department of the *Sterling* (Ill.) *Gazette*, has the following on this subject:

"The writer occasionally meets a teacher who is frank enough to say that he regards "visitors" as a nuisance to a well-regulated school. This feeling is doubtless cherished by more teachers than care to acknowledge it. It arises from the fact that what seems to be the established form of visiting is necessarily more or less an interruption. Most people desiring to see a school knock at the door before entering, wait to be received, seated, and expect to take a formal leave at the end of their visit. Some expect more or less attention from the teacher in other ways during their stay. Certainly no one person can be made responsible for this evidently wrong way of doing a right thing. It is the custom, and while it remains so a great many of the best friends of the schools will never see them, and a great many of the very best teachers will be glad of it. But suppose it to be understood that visitors were requested to visit the school to suit their own convenience; to enter the room without knocking; to occupy any vacant seat; to retire at any time; to report to the superintendent any discourtesy shown them; and suppose it to be understood that the teacher was expected to go on with the work exactly as though no one had entered or left the room, how long would it be before the teachers, at least, would be reconciled to this kind of an interruption? This is certainly the rational, if not the fashionable way, and no teacher is justifiable in soliciting visits to his school on any other plan."

Children should be thoroughly taught to respect what is realy honest, truthful and worthy, and to dispise all that is in any degree dishonorable and untrustworthy.

Rheumatism.

Common rheumatism is a disease which affects the joints, the hinges of the body, in such a way that the slightest motion of the ailing part gives pain. A creaking hinge is dry and turns hard. A single drop of oil to moisten it makes a wonderful change, and it instantly moves on itself with the utmost facility. All kinds of rheumatism are an inflammation of the surface of the joints. Inflammation is heat; this heat dries their surfaces; hence the very slightest effort at motion gives piercing pain. In a healthy condition of the parts nature is constantly throwing out lubricating oil, which keeps the joints in a perfectly smooth and easy working condition. Rheumatism is almost always caused by—indeed it may be nearer the truth to say that it is always the result of—a cold dampness. A dry cold or warm dampness does not induce rheumatism.

A garment, wetted by perspiration or rain, or water in any form, about the joint, and allowed to dry while the person is in a state of rest, is the most common way of causing rheumatism. A partial wetting of a garment is more apt to induce an attack than if the entire clothing were wetted, because in the latter case it would be certainly and speedily exchanged for dry garments. There are two very certain methods of preventing rheumatism. The moment a garment is wetted, in whole or in part, change it or keep in motion sufficient to maintain a very slight perspiration until the the clothing is perfectly dry.

The failure to wear woolen flannel next the skin is the most frequent cause of rheumatism; for a common muslin or linen or silk shirt by perspiration becomes damp and cold the instant a puff of air strikes it, even in mid-summer. This is not the case where woolen flannel is worn next the skin.

The easiest, most certain and least hurtful way of curing this troublesome affection is first, to keep the joint affected wound around with several folds of woolen flannel; live entirely on the lightest kind of food, such as coarse breads, ripe fruits, berries, boiled turnips, stewed apples and the like. If such things were eaten to the extent of keeping the system freely open, and exercise was taken, so that a slight moisture should be on the skin all the time, or if in bed the same thing were accomplished by hot teas and plenty of bed-clothing, a grateful relief and an ultimate cure will very certainly result in a very short time. Without this soft and moist condition of the skin and an open state of the system, the disease will continue to torture for weeks and months and years. Inflammatory rheumatism may for all practical purposes, be regarded as an aggravated form of a common kind, extending to all joints of the body instead of implicating only one or two. For all kinds, time, flannel and warmth, with a light and cooling diet, are the great remedies.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

New Ballot-Box.

It is said a man in Newton, Mass., has invented and patented a ballot-box that he claims is fraud-proof. If this is the case he has struck a valuable thing, that as the ancients used to say, "will fill a long felt want." The box is a very simple one, and works as follows: The ballot is put in at the top, through a small slit, and then passes between two rollers, on the largest of which is a canceling stamp. After the ballot is canceled it falls into the bottom of the box, the receptacle for the ballots. The ballot is drawn between the rollers by the turning of a crank, and when it is turned a bell rings to call attention to the fact that the box is in operation. A register is attached, which shows correctly the number of ballots that have passed into the box. The ballots can be removed from the box at any time while voting is in progress, and be counted; but when they are taken out the canceling stamp is changed, so that every lot removed from the box will bear a different stamp. If two or more ballots are put in at once, only one is canceled, and the register will indicate that only one ballot has been cast. The number of votes must agree with the number indicated by the register, and, if they do not agree, it shows that fraudulent votes have been cast.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Comforting Goober.

That we are a nation of peanut eaters may be inferred from general observation; or it can be proved by statistics. We presume it is possible to procure our favorite legume in small quantities and of inferior quality in the markets of the old world; but only in our new and surging civilization does it attain that perfection which is expected and appreciated by the educated palate of a true American. Our population is increasing with great rapidity and so likewise is the peanut crop. A comparison of figures upon this point is very encouraging. In 1875-76 the total crop from the goober-producing States—Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina—amounted to less than 800,000 bushels. The following year this yield was increased nearly eighty per cent., but dropped to less than its old average in the year succeeding. In 1878-79 it was 1,270,000 bushels, while the total consumption of peanuts in the United States for the year ending September 30, 1880, was 1,727,000 bushels and the stock on hand was 238,000 bushels, which is the measure of production of 1879-80. The crop for the year ending September 2, 1881, is estimated at about 2,220,000 bushels.

It is probably the democratic character of our Government can be largely accounted for by the prevalent taste for the peanut. It is a democratic edible. It is in the mouths of the rich and the poor, the lofty and the humble, and wherever two or three are gathered together with their pockets distended by the crisp and fragrant pods, we may by reasonably sure that they are citizens of one country, and that country this great and glorious land of the United States. At the variety theater, at the circus and the agricultural fair, in offices and upon street corners; at the fireside and by the work bench the suggestive little bag is seen, and it is frequently smuggled into schools and prayer meetings. This shows that in popular estimation it goes side by side with all other interests and is held to conflict with none. Its associations are as wholesome and cheering as they are pervasive. Success to the goober!—*Boston Post.*

SOMEWHAT OF A SNORER.—Gen. Geo. A. Sheridan, was going from Boston to Rochester in a sleeping car, where he had a whole section. He was sitting on the lower berth in the morning, about to put his shoes on, when he was accosted by a kind-looking gentleman opposite, who was also putting on his shoes, with the inquiry: "My friend, are you a rich man?" George looked astonished, but answered the pleasant-faced, tired-looking gentleman with a "Yes, I'm tolerably rich." A pause occured, and then came another question: "How rich are you?" "About $700,000 or $800,000. Why?" "Well," said the old man, "If I was as rich as you say you are, and snored as loud as I know you do, I would hire a whole sleeper every time I traveled."

The Home Atmosphere.

The atmosphere of the household—which either converts to Christ or perverts to fashion, folly and impiety—is commonly created by the parents. They are responsible for it. If the whole trend of household talk and thought and ambition runs toward money-making, or social conviviality, or general godliness of any kind, it is the father and mother who give the pith. Nowhere is it so difficult to make the best preaching or the best Sunday-school teaching effective on character as in the malarious air of such a home. As soon expect to rear oranges in Lapland or grow sugar-cane in Labrador as to rear plants of grace in so godless an atmosphere. The parental influence penetrates through the house with as subtile poison as escaping gas from an ill-built furnace. As Dr. Bushnell has pithily said, in his incomparable book on "Christian Nature:" "Whatever fire the parents kindle, the children are found gathering the wood. They help as either apprentices or accessories." If the father begins the Sabbath with some secular Sunday newspaper, the family will help him read it. If the parents go irregularly to God's house, the children will hardly care to go at all. "If the mother is a scandalmonger, she will make her children tattlers and eavesdroppers. If she directs her servant to say at the door that she is 'not at home,' the children will learn to be polite liars." If the father puts a decanter on his table, the boys will soon begin to practice with the fatal glass. That rich father who disinherited a son for drunkenness, and in the same will bequeathed his wine-cellar to certain heirs, gave a very palpable proof of the home atmosphere which had poisoned the poor boy. Parental provocations and ill-temper sour the very air of many households, so that the children can hardly escape beeing cross, snappish and irritable. How can piety breathe in such an air? How can a family be trained up in the knowledge of God's word, when the book of books is seldom opened and the spirit of its instructions is no more known than in the house of a Mussulman? Even in in the families of many professors of religion I do not look for any conversions, for I know that the influence of the most faithful discourses will be destroyed by the malaria of the home. It was the atmosphere of Elkanah's and Hannah's Godly house that produced a Samuel. It was the wretched air of Eli's house which ruined Hophni and Phineas.

This subject has a wide sweep. There are sudden changes in the circumstances that affect character as powerfully as changes in climate affect bodily health. The rapid accumulation of wealth is carrying some Christians now up into a rarefied atmosphere, where it is very hard to maintain their humility, their spiritual-mindedness and self-denial. Their new associations endanger their piety; but they need not destroy it. Some Christians grow rich and grow in grace at the same time.

Some civillians go into the foul atmosphere of politics, and preserve their Christian purity. Good men ought to go into political stations and make themselves felt in all our civil affairs. They ought to purify unclean atmospheres. Daniel was Prime Minister in idolotrous and voluptuous Babylon. Prayer was his protector. So may a pure child go into the vitiated atmosphere of trade, or the highly rarefied air of wealth, or the sin-polluted air of city life, or anywhere else, safely, if he only carry Christ in his heart and keep the honor of Christ ever before his eyes. Jesus does not mean to take his disciples out of the world; but he is able to keep them from the world's contumination.—*New York Independent.*

The "Jim-Jams."

Delirium tremens! Snakes! Jim-Jams Yes I've had touches of them. You want to know how it feels? I'll tell you. You have drank maybe a week, maybe more. At last liquor ceases to excite, brace up or tranquillize. You drink half a pint of brandy and it has no more effect then so much water. Then you are close to the horrors. Food wont help you. Your stomach rejects it. Now your punishment commences. You can't sleep. You are weary—oh! so weary— but there is no rest. You are tired of thinking, yet the tired brain will think. You lie down, drop into a doze for a moment and wake up with a shock as if touched with an electric wire. You are covered with perspiration. You get up and walk the room, walk the streets—walk, walk, walk, and then fling yourself down, praying for ever so few minutes sleep. All this for days with people about you, and through nights. But no Chinese torturer employed in keeping some miserable criminal awake till he dies was ever more full of relentless vigilance than your abused nerves. Dreads indescribable seize upon you. Your hands have a sensation of being of enormous size. They do not look it. They feel it. Your head in like manner feels as if enormously puffed out en your breath comes spasmodically, hot flushes strike the heart, all the blood seems at times to rush in that direction, and you fight aimlessly for life and expect to fall dead. This is the commencement of the horrors. Now you are fixed for seeing rats and snakes and vermin.

Paying for his Whistle.

Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason was in the habit of whistling to the laborer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of mortar and, as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's job. A joiner, who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticing Pat answer dutifully to every call from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a hodful of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with his load. This having occured the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle came from.

He had not watched long with the hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and, leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding ont of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and sputtered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass; and, in the midst of his confusion, heard Pat above shouting at the top of his voice: "Whistle when you want some more mortar."

THE SICK ROOM.—Invalids should keep the refreshments covered in their sick room. The jellies, blanc-manges, and various liquids used as cooling drinks, are more or less absorbent, and easily take up the impurities which float about a sick room. A glass of milk left uncovered will soon become tainted with any prevailing odor, as can be proven by leaving it in a room freshly painted. How important, then, that the poisons of sickness should be carefully kept from all that is to be eaten.

Often Quoted.

Although the poems of Alexander Pope are seldom read at the present day, people without knowing it quote him more frequently than any other author or book, with the exception, perhaps, of Shakespeare, Milton, the Bible, Byron, Isaac Watts, Benjamin Franklin and Æsop. The following list of quotations will give some idea of his popularity in this regard:

Shoot folly as it flies.
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
Lo, the poor Indian!
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole.
Whatever is, is right.
The proper study of mankind is man.
Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength.
Vice is a monster of such hideous mein.
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
He can't be wrong whose life is right.
Order is Heaven's first law.
Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Look through nature up to nature's God.
From grave to gay, from lively to severe
Guide, philosopher and friend.
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Every woman is at heart a rake.
Mistress of herself, though China fall.
Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
A little learning is a dangerous thing.
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Damn with faint praise.
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.
Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.
And deal damnation around the land.
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

COLD SLAW.—Everybody likes cold slaw, but few housewives understand how to make it really delicious. Try this: Cut a head of hard white cabbage into very fine shavings; it is seldom shaved fine enough. For a quart of cabbage take the yolks of three eggs; beat them well; stir into a tumbler and a half of vinegar two spoons of loaf sugar, a teaspoon of olive oil, one of thick sweet cream, or a piece of butter as large as a walnut, a heaped table spoon of mustard. Salt and pepper to suit the taste; mix with the egg, and put this sauce into a stew pan; when hot add the cabbage, stew until thoroughly hot, which will only require four or five minutes. Toss it from the bottom with a silver or a wooden fork; take it up and set it where it will become perfectly cold. The quantity of vinegar should depend upon its strength.

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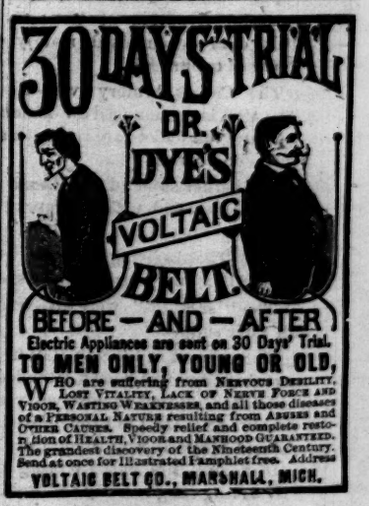
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